E WAY TO CHURCH.

BY JUES B. POWELL Over the tields and vallies green, Through the woods and over the hills, Under the bare and through the lanes Over the artists marian log rills, Trips a melden lovely and fair, skering flowers blooming there. Passed the wood and into the field.

Passed the field and int. 'he wood, Blowly turning the windleg way. Lefstaniy in a thoughtful mood, New in valley and by the elecan That so sweetly ripples along, Hinging to birds and waving tires serie Schbath morning appg.

A bright-syed youth in shephord's dress Is suching now the winding way; om atops to hall the echoes clear. As they felt from the molden's lay, The lay is o'er, the maiden now Is guilt g in the eliver stream, In whilep'ring to her love's young dream,

The nounday's sun has passed and gone But in v. Ucy and by the stream The maid and youth are still at rest,

The standard smaller standard standard

surely and imperceptibly each passing year. Ah, my mother's resolution was not to be shaken, had closed my eyes, and was not aware that my "Hush I you'll wake that pour little miserable was resting in an easy chair, and some thought-

Through Misss.

PLANNIE CLEARWIG.

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mel' any gay weans of fablias, aged in the morning be parted with an average with a say white a morning be parted with a say whether was a lying pale and finishable was the morning be parted with a say whether was a lying pale and finishable was the morning be parted with a say whether was a lying pale and finishable was a long to the pale and finish

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